

Someone owes his existence to Li'l Sebastian by GreenLily474

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Summary: On a tip from his pen pal, Ron Swanson, Dustin and Steve take a trip to the Eagleton county fair to see the amazing Li'l Sebastian. Steve has an encounter with a woman name Mrs. Saperstein.

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"I just don't see what the big deal is about some baby pony," said Steve as he and Dustin headed down the highway to the Eagleton county fair.

"First of all, Li'l Sebastian isn't just some pony, he's a mini horse, and the greatest mini or ever!" said Dustin.

"What makes you think that?" asked Steve. "You've never even seen him."

"My pen pal, Ron Swanson, barely writes anything in his letters beyond 'that information is private' or 'none of your damn business.' But when it comes to Li'l Sebastian, he suddenly can't shut up. I'm telling you, that horse is magic."

"A magic horse? Really?"

"Are you shitting me, Harrington? You've taken on a demogorgan with a baseball bat and set a bunch of snotty Upside Down vines on fire and you're skeptical about an amazing mini horse?"

"Alright, fair point," Steve conceded. "I'll believe in the amazingness of this Li'l Sebastian when I see him." Steve pulled into a line of cars waiting to get into the fair. When they finally found a parking, Dustin hopped out of the car and started running toward the entrance.

"Alright slow down, shit head," said Steve as he caught up to Dustin and put his hand on the pre-freshman's shoulder. "Your mom will have Tews scratch me to shit if anything happens to you."

"Li'l Sebastian's here, nothing bad can happen. In fact, I think our lives will be forever changed by this experience," said Dustin dreamily.

Steve grinned to spite himself. A few years earlier, he never would have imagined having fun with some kid from the Hawkin's Middle School A.V., but he had to admit that he enjoyed Dustin's company a lot more than perpetual assholes like Tommy and Carol.

"Henderson!" a kid shouted from near the entrance. Steve looked over and noticed that the kid appeared to be around Dustin's age, but had a moustache and wore a flannel shirt despite the summer heat. He looked positively giddy. The giddiness faded when Dustin called back to him.

"Swanson!" Dustin waved back. The kid, whom Steve assumed to be Ron, Dustin's pen pal suddenly looked nervous. He glanced around then ran over to Dustin with his head and arms down.

"Good God, man! Keep your voice down when you are talking about my private information!"

"What are you bitching about?" asked Steve. "You just shouted his name."

"Sir, I choose to keep my private life private," said Ron.

"It's just your name," said Steve

"Do you want complete strangers knowing *your* name?" asked Ron.

"They'll never see me again. My name's Steve, by the way."

"That was not the question I asked, Ed," said Ron.

"Hey, have you seen Li'l Sebastian yet?" asked Dustin in an effort to prevent any confrontation. Ron's demeanor instantly changed back to giddy. He put his fist up to his mouth, spun and giggled.

"My apologies, Dustin, I couldn't wait. C'mon, you have to see him!" The three teenagers made their way through the crowds to a paddock that housed a mini colt. It was the most amazing little horse ever.

"You were right, Dustin. Good call," said Steve.

"He's even more amazing than I imagined," said Dustin in awe.

"I apologize that I could not do him justice in my letters," said Ron.

"It's ok," said Dustin. "I don't think there are words in any language that could do this horse justice. He's just....so pure."

"He is," said Ron.

Steve found himself in something of a trance staring at the amazing baby horse. It was as though he could finally move on from his break up with Nancy. That was in the past. Li'l Sebastian was here and now. He barely noticed a woman who was at least five years older than him bumping into him.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said. "I just couldn't keep my eyes off Li'l Sebastian and I wasn't looking where I was going."

"It's ok," said Steve with a smile. "I can't blame you for that, he really is incredible." The woman looked at Steve appraisingly.

"Ok, look asshole. Meeting Li'l Sebastian has made me super horny, my husband is super lame and you're super cute."

"Your husband?" Steve's smile faded a little. The woman slammed her finger on Steve's lip.

"I didn't tell you to ask questions. I told you I'm horny. Here's what's going to happen. We're going into that empty tent over there and you are going to do whatever I tell you! My name is Mrs. Saperstein, by the way."

Before he could protest, Steve found himself being dragged into an empty tent.

"Where did Steve go?" asked Dustin.

"If he left when he could remain in the presence of Li'l Sebastian, he is an idiot and you are better off with him," said Ron.

"You're probably, right, but he is my ride home." Dustin looked around for Steve. He truly was an idiot if he left the presence of Li'l Sebastian. "Ron, can I ask you a hypothetical question."

"You may," said Ron. "And I may choose not to answer it."

"Hypothetically, if some interdimensional monsters were trying to kill your friends- or steal all of your bacon and eggs, how would you fight them?"

"That is an excellent question," said Ron. "I would probably throw my land mines at them. Burning ex-girlfriend effigies could also work."

After Ron and Dustin got a couple of Bratwursts, Steve came back in some sort of daze and looking very disheveled.

"Steve, what happened to you?" asked Dustin.

"Don't ask, never ask!" said Steve with a crazed expression on his face.

"I respect that, Ed," said Ron. Steve looked from Ron to Dustin. He walked up to the latter and grabbed his face.

"Stay innocent, Dustin, promise me you'll always stay innocent."

"ALRIGHT!" said Dustin, "Calm down Steve!"

Steve glanced nervously at the the tent. He said Mrs. Saperstein emerge from the flaps.

"Time to go!"

"But Steve, Li'l Sebastian is right there," said Dustin gesturing to the colt.

"We'll see him again later. I'll even take you to the State fair to, but we need to leave now!"